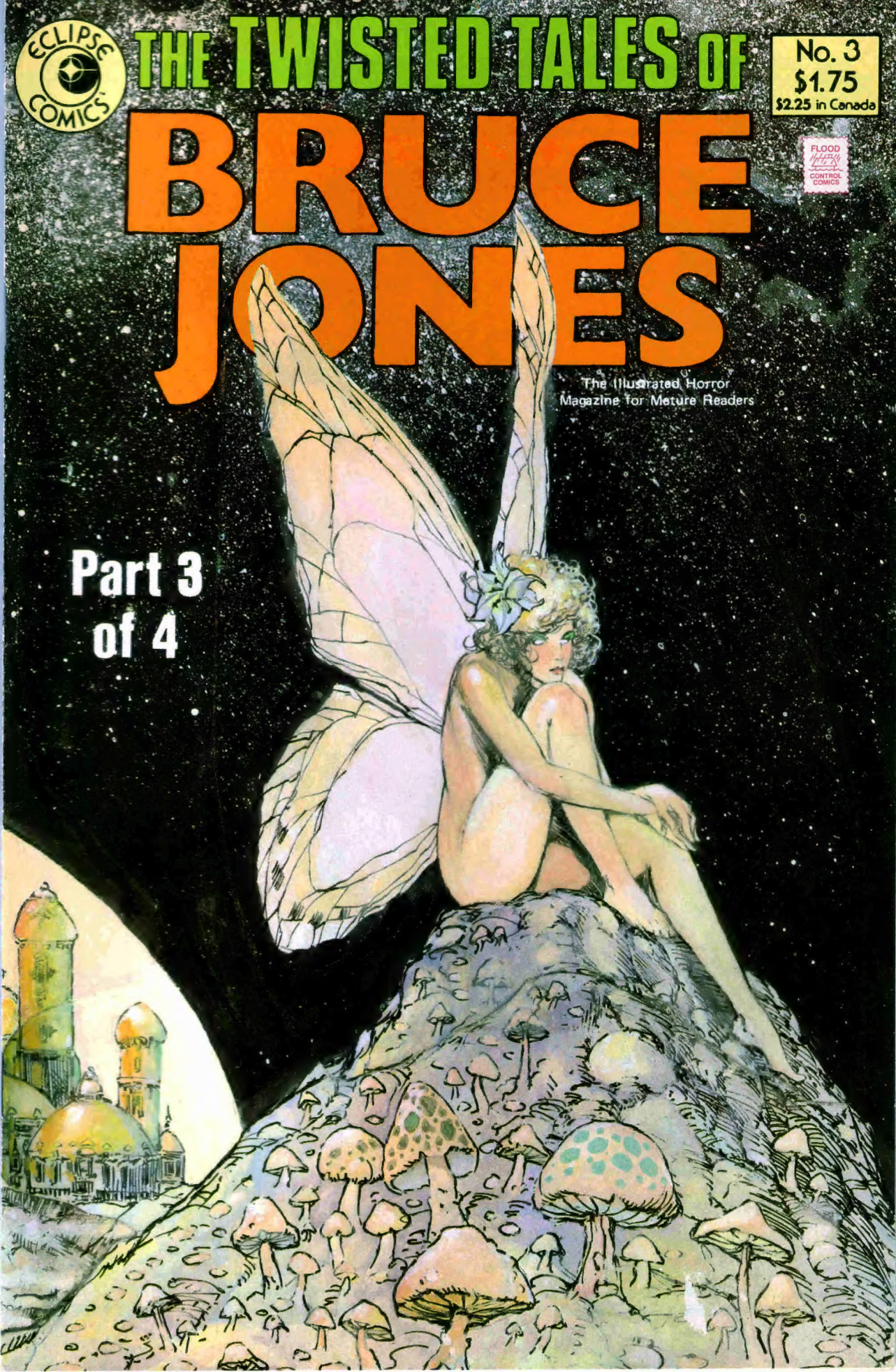
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THE TWISTED TALES OF
BRUCE JONES
No. 3
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FLOOD CONTROL COMICS
The Illustrated Horror Magazine for Mature Readers
Part 3 of 4

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THE TWISTED TALES OF BRUCE JONES No. 3. March 1986. Published by Eclipse Comics, P. O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446. Catherine Yronwode, Editor-in-Chief. Sean Deming, Assistant Editor. Dean Mullaney, Publisher. All art and story ©1986 Bruce Jones. All other material ©1986 Eclipse Comics. Film by SM Graphics. Printed in Canada.

MORGAN
BY THE GODS! IS THERE A BLEAKER LAND IN ALL THE WORLD? IF THESE DEMONIC CLIFFS DON'T DASH ME TO MY DEATH, THIS SATANIC WIND WILL. IN ALL MY DAYS I'VE NEVER KNOWN SUCH WILDERNESS. UNLESS I SOON FIND SHELTER, THE ELEMENTS WILL DO ME IN...
BRUCE ELIOT JONES 1968-

Story and Art: Bruce Jones Colors: Tim Smith Letters: Beppe Sabatini

A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT, KEEPER, AND A HOT MEAL... I'VE COME A LONG WAY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.
EXCUSE ME, SIR, DID... DID YOU SAY "THROUGH THE *MOUNTAINS*?"
OF COURSE...
LIAR! NO MAN DARES TRAVERSE THE MOUNTAINS AT NIGHT! IT IS *DEATH!* WE DON'T *LIKE* STRANGERS IN THIS TOWN...
...ESPECIALLY *IMPUDENT* ONES!

IT WOULD APPEAR, INNKEEPER, THAT SOME OF THE TENANTS OF YOUR FINE LODGING ARE *IGNORANT* OF THE MEANING OF HOSPITALITY; I WAS CAUGHT WITH MY PANTS DOWN THAT TIME...
...PERHAPS I CAN *RETURN* THE FAVOR...
BRING MY SUPPER TO MY ROOM, KEEPER. I'VE GROWN TIRED OF YOUR GUESTS.
WHO'S THERE?

FORGIVE ME, SIR, FOR DARING TO APPROACH YOU AT THIS LATE HOUR, BUT I MUST WARN YOU... THERE IS GREAT DANGER HERE! YOU MUST LEAVE, SIR, OR...}SOB{... YOU WILL... }SOB{...}SOB{... BE... KILLED!
THERE, THERE. BE AT EASE, GIRL. NOW TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.
INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY SOUND, THE PEOPLE OF THIS VILLAGE BELIEVE A DEMON IS HAUNTING THIS TOWN. TO APPEASE THE CREATURE, THREE TOWNSMEN ARE CHOSEN EACH YEAR TO CHAIN A YOUNG VIRGIN TO A CLIFF HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS...
... THERE SHE IS LEFT UNTIL MORNING. WHEN THE VILLAGERS RETURN TO WHERE THEY HAD BOUND HER, NOTHING REMAINS BUT EMPTY SHACKLES AGAINST A CLIFF STREAMING WITH THE POOR GIRL'S BLOOD... THIS ALL SOUNDS FANTASTIC I KNOW, BUT YOU MUST BELIEVE ME FOR YOUR OWN SAKE. EVERY STRANGER WHO ENTERS THE TOWN IS PUT TO DEATH TO PROTECT THE SECRET...
TONIGHT IS THE EVE OF THE ANNUAL SACRIFICE; TOMORROW MORNING THREE MEN IN THE TAVERN BELOW WILL TAKE THE CHOSEN ONE TO THE CLIFFS... THE CHOSEN ONE IS... IS... ME!
WEEP NOT, FAIR ONE. WHILE MORGN BREATHES, NOT ALL THE MONSTERS OF HELL WILL HARM THEE. NOW CLOSE THE DOOR, AND I WILL MAKE YOU FORGET THESE DARK THOUGHTS...

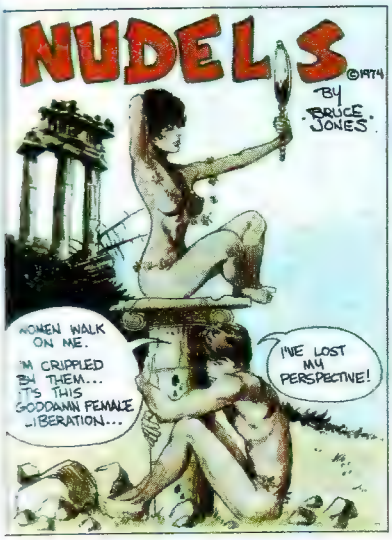
MORNING
UHH... MY HEAD... SOMEONE... YOLANDA...
GONE! AND MY PURSE, TOO! SO THAT WAS HER SCHEME; TO FILL MY HEAD WITH LIES, DRUG ME, AND STEAL MY MONEY.
BY THE GODS SHE'LL PAY FOR THIS, IF I HAVE TO SEARCH EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY IN THIS HATEFUL VILLAGE!
NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. SHE COULD ONLY HAVE HIDDEN IN THE MOUNTAINS, HOPING I WOULD GO AWAY WITHOUT REVENGE.

YOLANDA! THE LEGENDS WERE TRUE!
I AM HELPLESS! EVEN IF MY PUNY SWORD COULD PIERCE THAT SCALY HIDE, I COULD NEVER REACH HER IN TIME. UNLESS...
PERHAPS IF I CAN GET HIGH ENOUGH ABOVE THE CREATURE MY BLADE WILL HAVE MORE EFFECT.

THE BEAST SEEKS TO DISLODGE ME. MY CAPE MAY PROVE MORE DISTRACTING THAN MY SWORD.

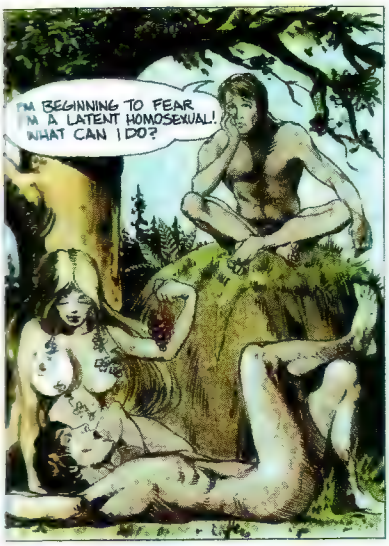
IT IS COMPLETELY BLINDED, DROPPING TO THAT CRATER LIKE A MOTH TO A FLAME... IT IS TIME I PARTED COMPANY WITH THIS NIGHTMARE!

THE END

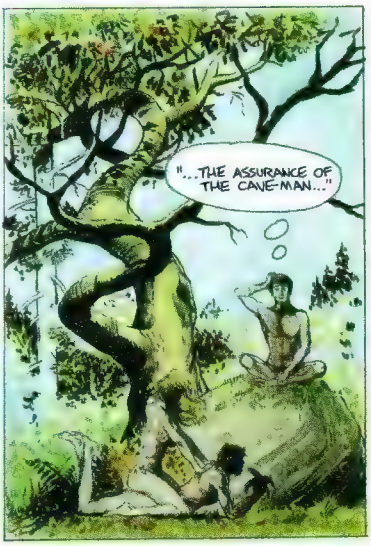

NUDELS
©1974
BY BRUCE JONES
WOMEN WALK ON ME.
I'M CRIPPLED BY THEM... IT'S THIS GODDAMN FEMALE LIBERATION...
I'VE LOST MY PERSPECTIVE!

I'M NO LONGER CERTAIN HOW TO APPROACH THEM...

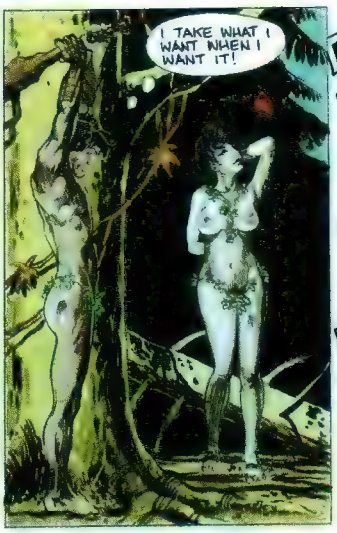
..AND THE MOMENT THEY SEE ME I RUN AND HIDE!


I'M BEGINNING TO FEAR I'M A LATENT HOMOSEXUAL! WHAT CAN I DO?

MOST WOMEN ARE LITTLE GIRLS... A SHOW OF INDIFFERENCE IS THE SUREST WAY TO ATTAIN AFFECTION. RADIATE A STRONG FRATERNAL IMAGE AND EMULATE THE COARSE ASSURANCE OF THE CAVE-MAN


"...THE ASSURANCE OF THE CAVE-MAN..."

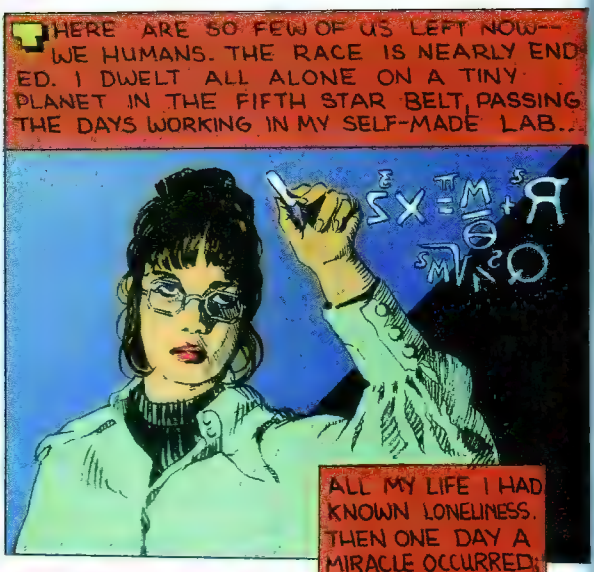
I CAN FEEL THE FLUSH OF SELF-CONFIDENCE JUST THINKING ABOUT CAVE-MEN!

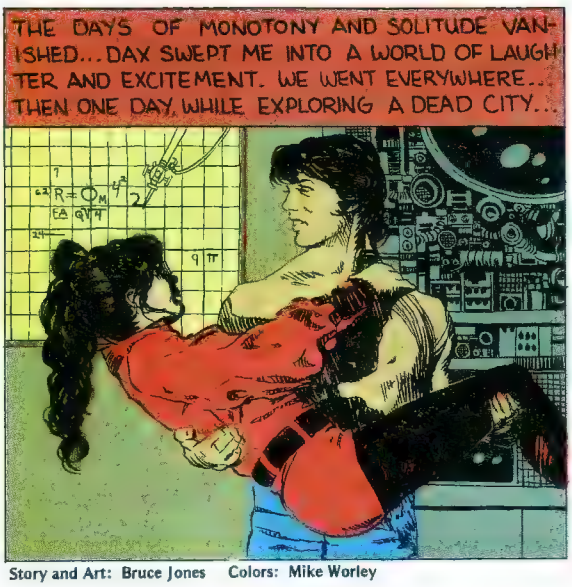

I TAKE WHAT I WANT WHEN I WANT IT!

BASH!

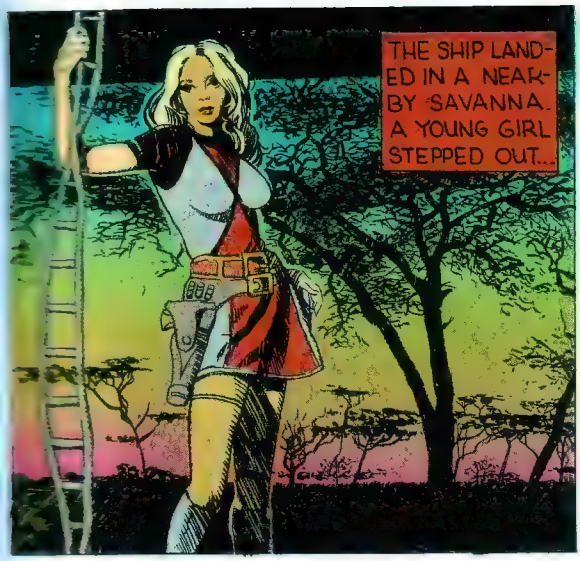
..OF COURSE I MAH NEED SOME PRACTICE AT THIS.

LIANA


THERE ARE SO FEW OF US LEFT NOW--WE HUMANS. THE RACE IS NEARLY ENDED. I DWELT ALL ALONE ON A TINY PLANET IN THE FIFTH STAR BELT, PASSING THE DAYS WORKING IN MY SELF-MADE LAB...
ALL MY LIFE I HAD KNOWN LONELINESS. THEN ONE DAY A MIRACLE OCCURRED; DAX CAME INTO MY LIFE

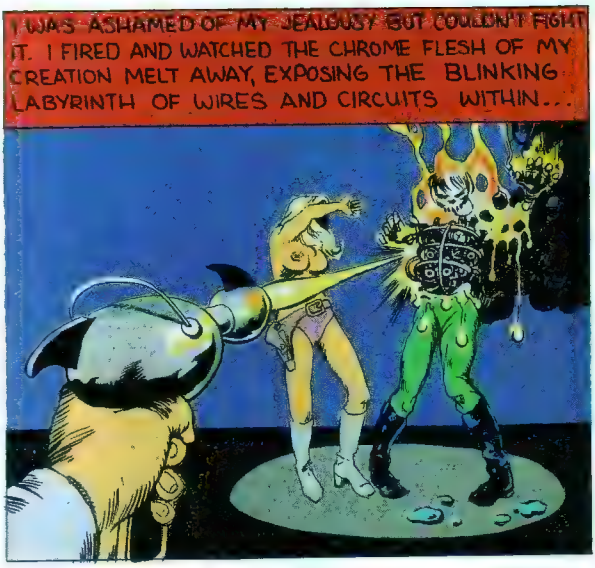

THE DAYS OF MONOTONY AND SOLITUDE VANISHED... DAX SWEPT ME INTO A WORLD OF LAUGHTER AND EXCITEMENT. WE WENT EVERYWHERE... THEN ONE DAY, WHILE EXPLORING A DEAD CITY...

Story and Art: Bruce Jones Colors: Mike Worley

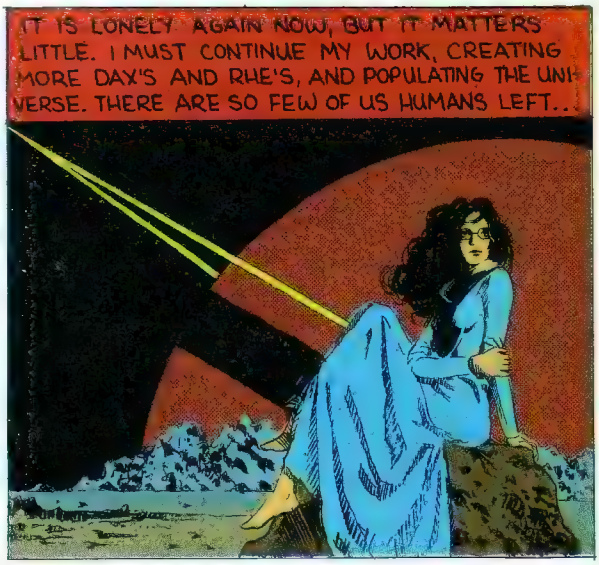

THE SHIP LANDED IN A NEARBY SAVANNA. A YOUNG GIRL STEPPED OUT...

RHE WAS FROM UNIT-CONTROL, CHECKING UP ON ME, AND SHE WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL. THE MOMENT WE SAT DOWN TO DINNER I NOTICED THE CHANGE IN DAX... SO DID RHE...

FOUND THEM IN THE LAB LATER THAT NIGHT, AS I KNEW I WOULD. THERE WAS NO USE FIGHTING IT... THEY WERE TWO OF A KIND. I REALIZED THAT AS I DREW THE BLASTER...

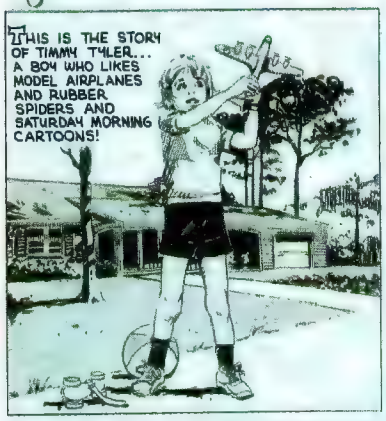

I WAS ASHAMED OF MY JEALOUSY BUT COULDN'T FIGHT IT. I FIRED AND WATCHED THE CHROME FLESH OF MY CREATION MELT AWAY, EXPOSING THE BLINKING LABYRINTH OF WIRES AND CIRCUITS WITHIN...

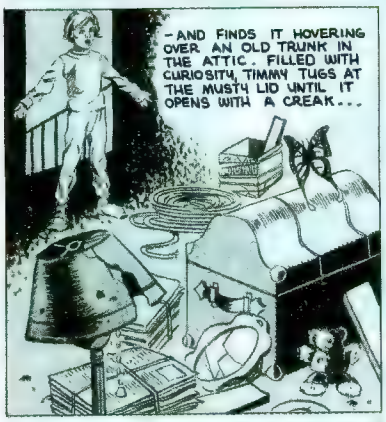
BEFORE RHE COULD MOVE AN INCH SHE BECAME A FLAMING STEEL SKELETON

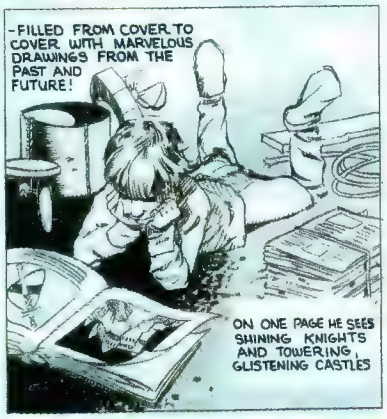

IT IS LONELY AGAIN NOW, BUT IT MATTERS LITTLE. I MUST CONTINUE MY WORK, CREATING MORE DAX'S AND RHE'S, AND POPULATING THE UNIVERSE. THERE ARE SO FEW OF US HUMANS LEFT..

TIMMY TYLER'S WONDER BOOK

BY BRUCE JONES



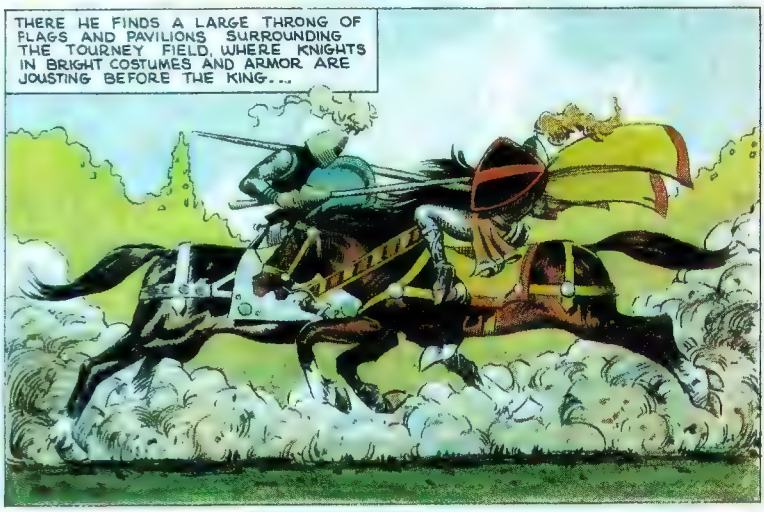

-AND FINDS IT HOVERING OVER AN OLD TRUNK IN THE ATTIC. FILLED WITH CURIOSITY, TIMMY TUGS AT THE MUSTY LID UNTIL IT OPENS WITH A CREAK...


-FILLED FROM COVER TO COVER WITH MARVELOUS DRAWINGS FROM THE PAST AND FUTURE!
ON ONE PAGE HE SEES SHINING KNIGHTS AND TOWERING, GLISTENING CASTLES

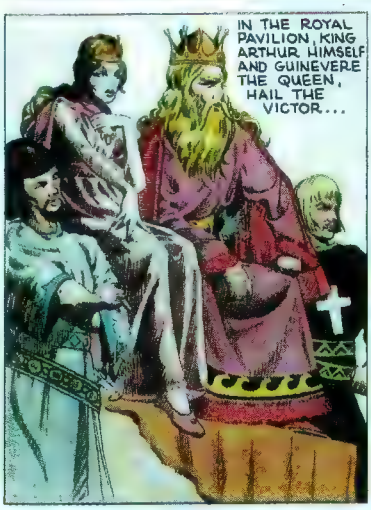
N THE NEXT MOMENT, TIMMY IS SOARING HIGH ABOVE THE TOWERING SPIRES OF CAMELOT, JUST AS THEY APPEARED IN THE WONDER BOOK!

HIS GRACEFULL STEED DROPS HIM NEAR THE CASTLE AND BIDS HIM FAREWELL. "I'LL BE BACK WHEN YOU NEED ME, TIMMY!"

TIMMY TURNS AT THE SOUND OF LOUD CHEERING AND MAKES HIS WAY TO THE WIDE STRETCH OF LAWN BEFORE THE GREAT CASTLE...


THERE HE FINDS A LARGE THRONG OF FLAGS AND PAVILIONS SURROUNDING THE TOURNEY FIELD, WHERE KNIGHTS IN BRIGHT COSTUMES AND ARMOR ARE JOUSTING BEFORE THE KING...

TIMMY WATCHES WITH EXCITED EYES AS THE CONTENDERS CLASH HEADLONG IN A SPORT WHERE ONLY ONE EMERGES TRIUMPHANT!


IN THE ROYAL PAVILION, KING ARTHUR HIMSELF AND GUINEVERE THE QUEEN, HAIL THE VICTOR...

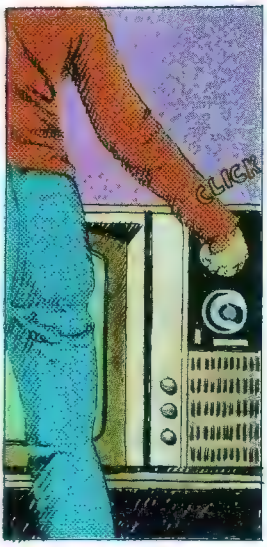
WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT CANNONT BE TOLD HERE... FOR TIMMY TYLER HAS AWAKENED.

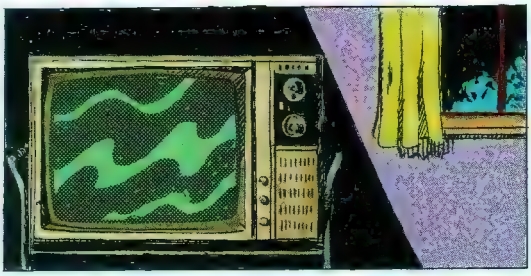
Story and Art: Bruce Jones Colors: Teresa Bleri

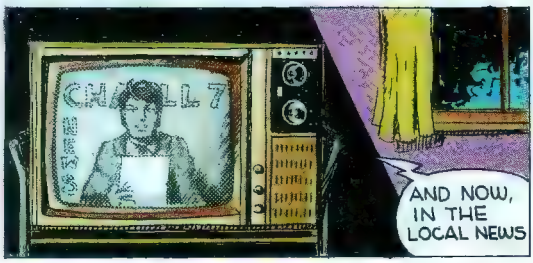
COLD... COLD... SEARCHING, FEELING... REACHING OUT... FOR WARMTH ... LIGHT...
CLOSER... CLOSER!... SEEKING ...SEARCHING FOR... WAY TO REACH...
OOB SHOOBE DO BAH BOP DO-WAH...
OO PAPA DOW PAPA OO PA-POW
OOB SHOO BE WOW-W-W...
I HEAR!... I HEAR! ...TALKING TO ME THROUGH VOID... LISTEN... LISTEN TO ME...
LISTEN TO ME ... I AM HERE ...PEACEFUL...
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MUSIC?...
I AM HERE... IN VOID... LISTEN TO ME ...COME TO ME...
QUIET HERE... PEACEFUL... COME TO ME ...COME...
GODDAMN COMMERCIALS!
ALT DIL
CLICK!

WOW! BETTER GET DINNER GOING...
CLICK
Cheerio
4:35
--SIDENT NIXON SAYS HE WILL NOT CONTINUE THE PEACE TALKS UNTIL THE--
OH NO!
LISTEN TO ME!... I AM HERE... I AM WAITING!
PEACEFUL HERE... DREAMING... DREAMING... REST AND PEACE... AND SLEEP... DEEP...
WHAT IS WITH THESE RADIO STATIONS?!
REST AND SLEEP!
SL...
CLICK!
4:40
JESUS! I GOTTA LAY OFF THE ACID FOR A WHILE...

ASPIRIN
PEPSODENT


CLICK




CHANNEL 7
AND NOW, IN THE LOCAL NEWS

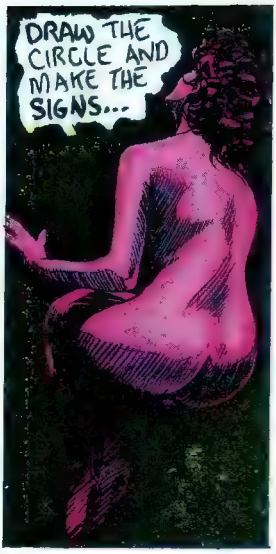
NEW YORK SUBWAY FARE WAS INCREASED TO FORTY CENTS TODAY...

I AM HERE! LISTEN!... LISTEN AND JOIN ME!

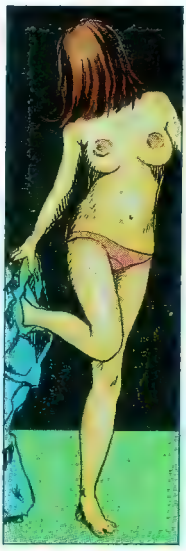
I WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY!

DRAW THE CIRCLE! ...THE CIRCLE OF LIFE...THE CIRCLE OF DEATH!

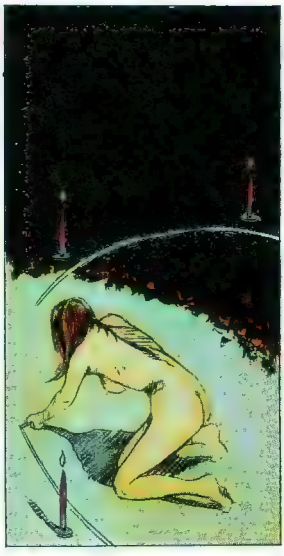
TABLE
Carlos


DRAW THE CIRCLE AND MAKE THE SIGNS...

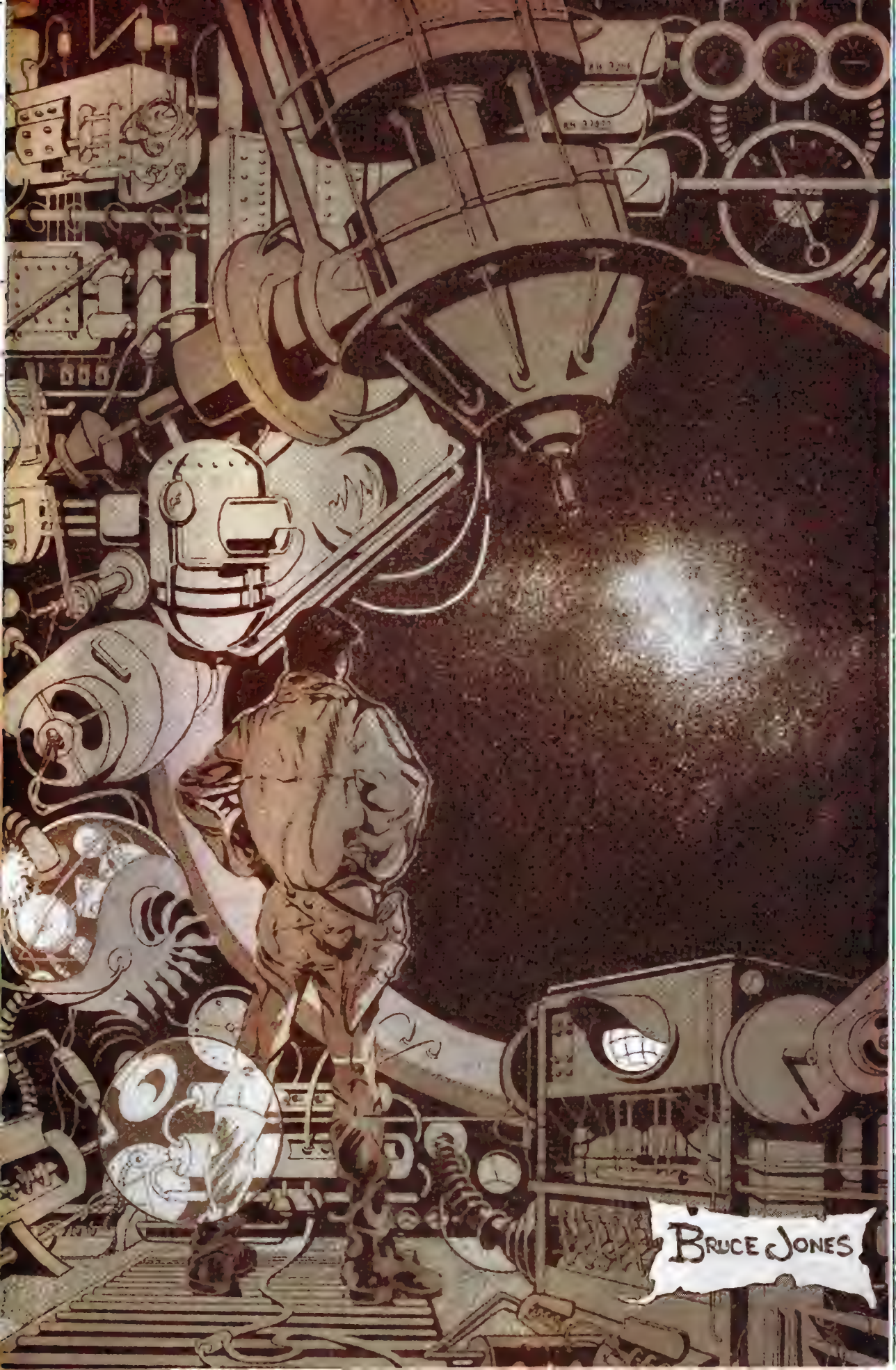
SET ASIDE ALL EARTHLY TRAPPINGS...



THE CIRCLE OF TIME... THE CIRCLE OF SPACE... MAKE THE CIRCLE...

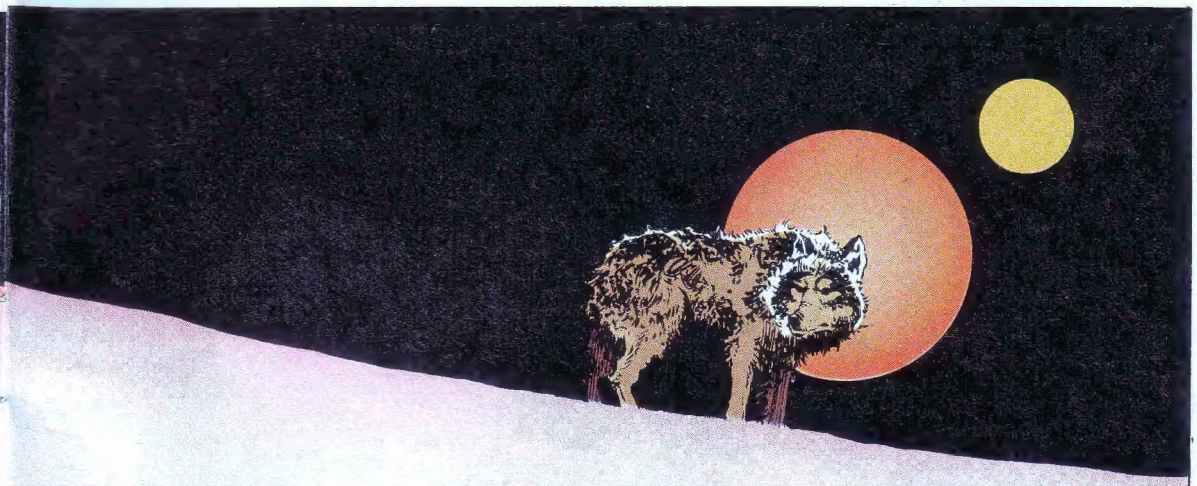


THE CIRCLE OF LIFE... THE CIRCLE OF DEATH...
HONEY! I'M HOME!
...HONEY?...
HERE...
OH! HEY!-- YOU DID SOMETHING TO YOUR HAIR...
...LIKE IT?...


BRUCE JONES

CIRCE
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS AND CERTAINLY MOST BEAUTIFUL WITCH WAS CIRCE OF ANCIENT GREECE, WHO USED HER SEDUCTIVE BEAUTY AND DEMONIC MAGIC TO LURE HER ADMIRERS TO THEIR DEATH ON THE ROCKS SURROUNDING HER TINY ISLAND...
ACCORDING TO 18TH CENTURY B.C. TALE-SPINNER HOMER, ONLY ONE BRAVE SOUL EVER SURVIVED HER SATANIC EMBRACE — THE GREEK CHAMPION ODYSSEUS...
CIRCE KEPT HIM UNDER HER SPELL FOR NEARLY 20 YEARS AND TRANSFORMED HIS ENTIRE CREW INTO A SWINEHERD. ODYSSEUS ESCAPED AT LAST ON A RAFT INTO THE ARMS OF ANOTHER WITCH — HIS WIFE PENELOPE!
-BRUCE JONES-

Art: Bruce Jones Colors: Smith/Christian



STALKING ON ALTAIRA

Art: Bruce Jones Colors: Tim Smith